

NEW TRENN'S MAGAZINE

Volume Number One

November/February 1969

Issue Number Three

NEW TRENN'S MAGAZINE is your round trip ticket to the unusual and fascinating world of transvestism and off-beat fashion concepts. Within the covers of this magazine are a host of photos, more than 20,000 words of fact articles, interesting fiction and stimulating personal experiences of readers plus a personal column listing the Avantgarde of an underworld that until now you could only read and wonder about — the door is now open. You can correspond with these unique people through us.

Exclusive

Will your wife or girl friend accept transvestism? If you want the answer but don't want to ruin your relationship you must read: "How to Tell Your Wife or Girl Friend About Transvestism." It explains in detail what to do and say. Stop wondering, learn the facts. See Page 8.



THE WORLD'S NEWEST MAGAZINE FOR AND ABOUT TRANSVESTISM

NEW TRENNIS MAGAZINE

Editor's

Desk

YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU THE THIRD ISSUE OF NEW TRENNIS MAGAZINE. THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN AROUND SINCE THE FIRST MAGAZINE ARE AWARE OF HOW GREATLY IMPROVED THIS ISSUE IS OVER PREVIOUS ONES - MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS MANY PAGES AS THE FIRST ISSUE AND TWICE AS MANY AS THE LAST. WITH THIS ISSUE WE BEGIN THE TRANSITION TO A OFFSET PUBLICATION.

MANY READERS HAVE INQUIRED AS TO WHY NEW TRENNIS MAGAZINE HAS CEASED TO BE A MONTHLY PUBLICATION - THE REASON IS BECAUSE IT TAKES MORE THAN VERBAL PRAISE TO PUT OUT A MAGAZINE - IT TAKES SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I AM TRYING TO MAKE NEW TRENNIS MAGAZINE THE WORLD'S BEST TRANVESTITE MAGAZINE. THIS MONTH'S MAGAZINE TESTIFIES TO THE SINCERITY OF MY GOAL. IF AFTER READING THIS ISSUE YOU AGREE. GIVE YOUR SUPPORT BY SUBSCRIBING. THANK YOU.

YOURS FOR FORWARD THOUGHT

Charles Slavik

CHARLES SLAVIK
EDITOR/PUBLISHER, NEW TRENNIS MAGAZINE

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EDITOR

Dear Editor:

My wife is a wonderful person, you could not ask nor find a better one. But on my wedding night I realized that I really was not able.....After a few weeks of married life, of course, these things changed. But, being closely associated with a woman, now, and observing how nicely they dressed, I became obsessed with being attired as a woman. My wife (whom I now call my sister), permitted me to wear baby doll pajamas, for I usually found our place too hot, while she found it too cold.

We did have one child, who is an angel (or do all parents feel this way?)

When she would be out of the house, I would try some of her clothes on. Subsequently, a large department store catalogue would come to the house. I would pour through this catalogue, measure myself, and command clothes. Subsequently I left off the catalogue business, for I found that I made the odd error, that the goods were not really what I wanted, and personally purchased what I desired. I took up sewing my costumes, relying heavily upon synthetic fabrique. These are

easy to maintain, and for traveling, and even for my evening wear, are delightful.

I feel more confident as a woman. I like to take an interest in life from a woman's point of view. Example: One evening, returning about 10:30 P.M., I found a girl crying by a tree. I heard her a half block away. I approached her, with sympathy and the intention to assist. I felt the tragedy of the situation. Now, as a man, I would not have been able to assist in this affaire.

Once as a man, I held a woman's hand. She had passed out in a crowded church. Her body had been layed on the floor, to recover, while the 'Christians' passed out from the end of mass. No one did anything, but the doctor who attended, said she would recover, and made a motion to depart. Since she appeared to be alone, I remained by her side, and took her hand. I hated to see her abandoned. Someone asked me, "is she your mother?" I suspect she was but 8-14 years older than I. Now as a woman, one can express finer feelings.

Just now, I have encountered a prostitute. She is beautiful,

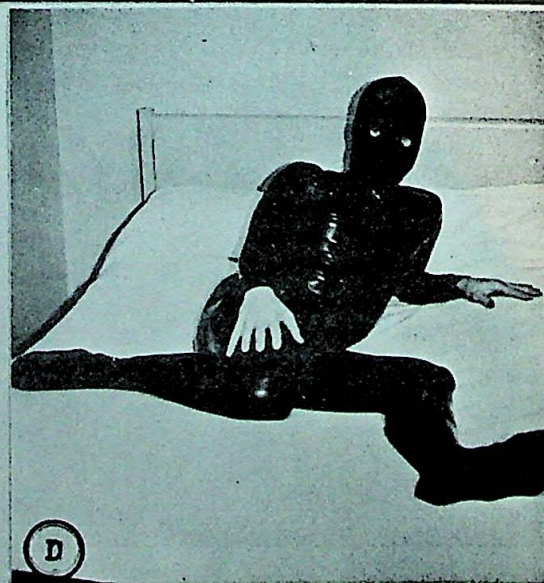
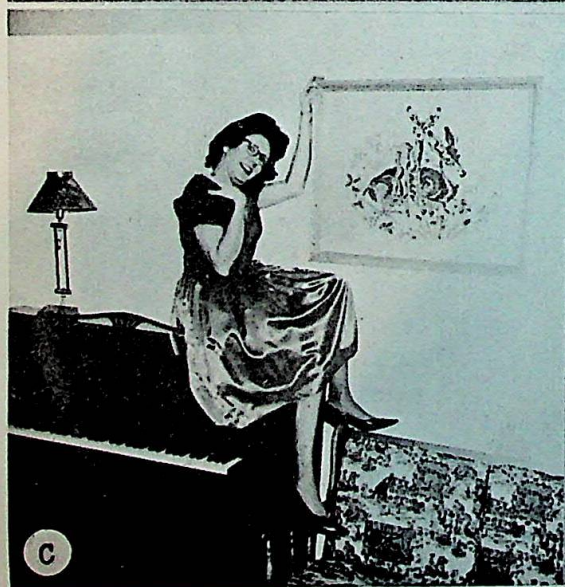
(Continued on page 7)



TRANSVESTISM

Is Positive *not*

Negative





(Continued from page 4)

can dance, and some say can sing. I do not desire to see this party go down the drain. I suspect we might recover this person, and that with her wonderful appearance, her voice and dance may be able to gain her life. As a man, this I could not dare do. I smile at children on the sidewalk, and ask them questions. I can talk to other women, and visit a mental hospital without being thought to be a fruit.

I like being a woman. I like the cleanliness of the crisp, taffeta slip, the more intimate garments which rinse out so easily. The stockings, which even in the hottest weather, can be rinsed. Ever rinse out a pair of men's pants, after a hot day, sitting, in the office? I ruined a suit, once, with perspiration. Oh, yes; one can take them to the cleaners. But how much more simple to rinse out the nylon hose, just before retiring?

Ever go out, of an evening, into town, attired all in white? Men just do not do that. But I do, except for my shoes, all else is glorious, bright, clean, fresh and airy WHITE.

I feel that my future as a woman is excellent; but my future as a man, in an office, is nil. After over 12 years with a railroad, with my writing in defence of economic transportation (RRs), of a rational transportation policy for North America, with having articles published in small RR publications, and letters to newspaper editors published, the industry does not recognise me. I

do not conform: I upset the order of the status quo. After more than 12 years with the industry, you know what I am? Two years ago I was listed as a stenographer receptionist (really masculine, what?). Now I am just a stenographer.

I like high heels, clean under things, clothes which smell of soap (and/or oergume), and display a bit of harmony in colour combination. I feel good in them. A relative made a 2,500 mile trip one long week-end to attempt to persuade me to give up my 'nefarious' activities. He feels that as alcohol is a crutch for an alcoholic, so is my activity a crutch for me. I do not argue. I only know I do not possess masculine attitudes (I detest football, baseball, hockey, new cars, Television, newspapers, war, ect.) I prefer to discuss material, little people (children), styles, music, or great people in history.

I would like to hear from those who also enjoy living as a woman. Write to me c/o New Trenns Magazine. My Box Number is NT #1. My photos appear on page "A", "B", and "C".

...

...

Dear Editor:

I started wearing feminine attire about two years ago. Since that time I have done this four times. This friend of mine asked me to go in 'dress' about two years ago to a Halloween party. At first I declined, although I really had the desire to do it.

(Continued on Page 55)

How To Tell Your Wife Or Girl Friend

ABOUT TRANSVESTISM

Written By: Max

PHOTO BY CHARLES SLAVIK

How are you to broach the subject of transvestism to your girl-friend or wife? Here are a few suggestions.

The most favorable time to do it is during courtship, while you are still getting acquainted with each other. Of course, you should bear in mind the common fallacy that every man interested in transvestism is a homosexual: it would be wise not to mention transvestism until the woman is satisfied that you are heterosexual.

Then sound her out, to see how broadminded she is. Let her read some book or magazine that mentions transvestism. I would not suggest, for this preliminary test, using a publication devoted entirely to transvestism: use one that mentions this subject along with others.

See how she reacts. If she says, "Oh, how disgusting!", "I think that's just disgraceful!" or more similar critical expression, you might as well drop the subject. She is unlikely to change her prejudices. In our society, attitudes towards such matters

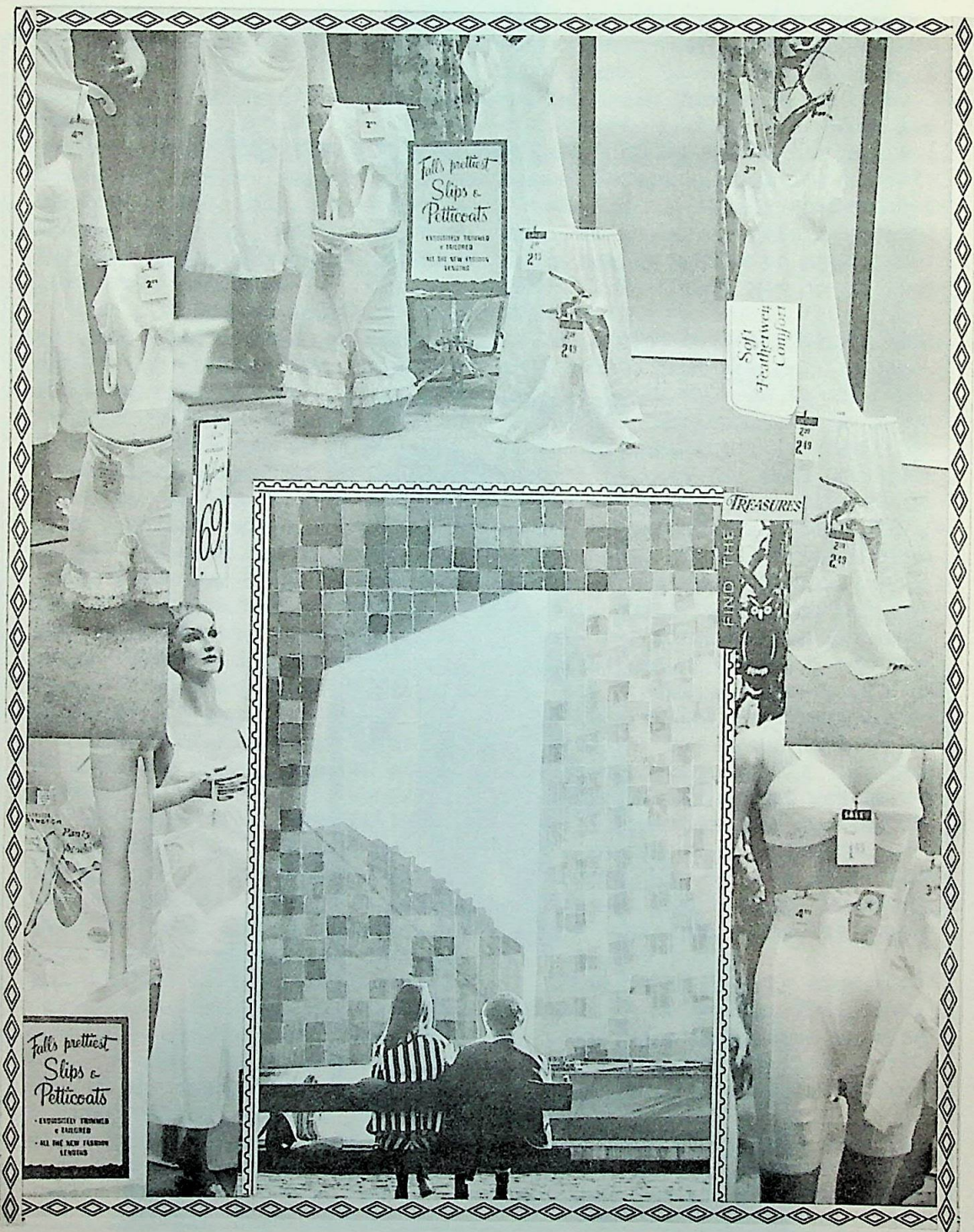
are pretty firmly fixed by the time one becomes adult.

If, on the other hand, she expresses interest and curiosity, or even if she takes a neutral attitude — not interested yet not critical — this is a favorable sign that she is fairly broadminded.

Another point: take pains to make yourself expert in your knowledge of feminine fashions. By regular reading of fashion columns in newspapers and magazines, by thoughtful observation of what looks well and what looks badly on women of various ages, figures and complexions, you can develop your taste to the point where it is better than that of most women. Remember that many women have little fashion-sense: they are quite uncertain of what they ought or ought not to wear; they let themselves be guided by saleswomen in dress-shops, for lack of the ability to make up their own minds. So a woman will definitely respect a man who knows what he is talking about on the subject of fashion.

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SECOND COLUMN



TIRED OF THE DARK CLOSET?

By Sally Douglas



I know I was. Dragging at home was getting to be a downright bore!

Somehow, something fundamental had changed inside me. The innate sexiness that had been the essence of Sally seemed to have drained away. All those little things that had thrilled me during the early days seemed to have lost their sparkle.

Oh, I had to admit I still enjoyed the caress of curls against my neck; the weight of rings on my ears; the soft smoothness of nylons; the subtle rustle of skirts; the tap of high heels. I was still attracted to that reflection in the mirror; my scrapbook, filled with hundreds of photos showing how I looked from every angle was still entertaining. Yet there was no doubt that the narcissistic crush of the early days had faded. The challenge of developing my new personality had gone.

I was clearly come to the end of a phase. It was time to change pace.

Not only that, but Sally (my independent Sally!) was getting fed up with charm school. During her adolescent years, she had been perfectly content to entertain Sal by making-up, dressing and posing. It had been fun then, because she had learned something new about herself each time. But, now, she was fully developed and the whole routine was simply becoming wasted motion. She was stir crazy! It was time to get out; meet new people; do interesting things!

I couldn't have agreed with

her more! The idea of getting out and meeting new people had a certain charm to it; and, anyway, I needed a new female in my life.

But the problem was: What was I going to do about her while I buzzed around looking for babes?

We had a family conference; and, as it turned out, my friend Sally really wanted to meet girls herself! So there was no problem after all!

We agreed to join forces, and go forth to find the gal for us.

The trick now was to find the right gal. Obviously, with a two headed personality like ours, we weren't likely to find the gals we wanted among the minions of so-called normalcy. After all, none of my then friends - who were charming and intelligent enough in their way - had any interest or appreciation for what we had become. In fact, I had the distinct feeling they would be horrified if they ever learned about us. So we would have to do some prospecting - dig in new territory. Clearly what was needed was a technique for rooting the people we wanted out of hiding.

Great! We had stated the problem - a giant step forward! Now how were we going to solve it?

After doing a fair amount of cogitating on the possibilities, Sal, our male facet came up with a plan, and elected to get started with our first abortive attempt.

Looking back at his somewhat poorly conceived plan of action (hindsight is always better than

→→(continued on page 24)



INDIVIDUALITY

BY: BARBARA DENIS

or Cowardice

Transvestism today is an art! To develop it, one must be willing to donate much time, patience and money. TVs can not afford to be self-conscious. That in itself can be enough to defeat your purpose!

The female dominates today's scene. This is because of the wide range of beautiful clothing available and acceptedly feminine. The moral code expects the male image to be virile, strong and masculine in every respect — thus clothing designers style men's clothing of rough, sturdy fabrics in suits with trousers. The male is supposed to be the person who "wears the pants". Right?

However! Must you be a TV to enjoy the feel of luxurious clothes? Do you really want to change your sex? Would you be perfectly satisfied and pleased if you could design your wardrobe to suit your personality and tastes instead of being caught in the herd that plods along in that same drab suit — never having the guts to wear what you like in public? Think about it!

When women acquired the right to vote and continued to prove their intellectual capabil-

ities of science, politics, literature and so forth, they proved independence. They proved that the term 'Behind every successful man is a woman' is not the joke men thought it was. Many men began to feel neglected. Indeed! they felt as though they were unnecessary — except for race continuance. Some turned to transvestism as a means of retaliation because so many women were repelled by the idea and felt it was an invasion of their rights. Other men turned to it because they actually wanted to become a woman. They felt that this was the only way to regain their diminishing importance. Still others simply enjoyed the thrill of feeling self feminine finery next to their skin. I believe this last example is true of most transvestites today.

I am a woman, and personally, I think the whole controversy is ridiculous from the word "go"! I don't believe there is any good reason for one sex to out-do or belittle the other. I think that many of the so called adults who are arguing their pros and cons on the subject of cross-dressing are acting very childishly.

(continued on page 13)

I have corresponded with many TV's — most of whom are married and have families. There is one complaint that I receive from most of these men that never fails to irritate me. "My wife does not understand my needs — she doesn't approve of my cross-dressing."

Let's face it! Clothing designers and manufacturers are just beginning to realize how many men enjoy beautiful clothing. Men don't just want to be able to admire a lovely fashion being worn by a woman. More and more men want to experience such luxury themselves! At the present time about the only way they can do this is by cross-dressing.

Most of the new and beautiful fabrics of today's market are strictly reserved for women's fashions. Men can only indulge — without public criticism — by wearing silk dressing gowns — the robes designed specifically for men — or frilly, long-sleeved, evening shirts — which can be worn on "Black Tie" occasions. They are "accepted" when sporting the new type of undergarments that are sold by some of the large-chain department stores. These garments are sheer enough and beautiful — but not really practical for every-day dress. Men are still very restricted in their choice of clothing.

Clothing trends are changing! But not quickly enough to satisfy people. I believe that there are a great many transvestites who would not be termed as such if they were given a choice between beautiful clothes made

for the woman's frame and beautiful clothes made specifically for men.

Men and women just aren't built the same. I think that women object to cross-dressing because they just jump to the conclusion that the man is trying to be a woman. When a man buys female clothes just for the pleasure of owning and wearing beautiful clothes — just for the feel of these clothes on his body — he wants to feel comfortable. Remember! These clothes weren't originally made for his dimensions. They just aren't going to fit a man as they were designed to fit a woman. Women feel that the man who wears them looks ridiculous! They feel that they are being ridiculed. They believe that the only way the man will look good in these clothes is if he is properly padded in some places and

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corseted in others — not to mention the excessive amount of shaving that is involved. Now you know that the only men who go through all these pains and achieve such perfection are the professional female impersonators. And the intelligent woman respects these men for their diligence. They accept them as a part of our society. The rest of the men are bent for pleasure, not necessarily perfection, and I have seen very few amateurs who don't look that — Amateurs!

Women have always been known to be highly sensitive and critical. Therefore, you must expect us to reject anyone who doesn't do a good job of imitating us. Why, we even reject other women who want to be feminine but don't devote enough of themselves to develop their femininity. You see, being feminine is an art. It is not something one is born with. You may have natural grace, but you have to work at femininity. We all have to learn from scratch. We learn from people we admire, people who have developed themselves satisfactorily and are willing to share knowledge with the struggling multitude. Why do you think there are so many "Women's" magazines on the book stands today. These are just jam-packed with hints, helps, and suggestions.

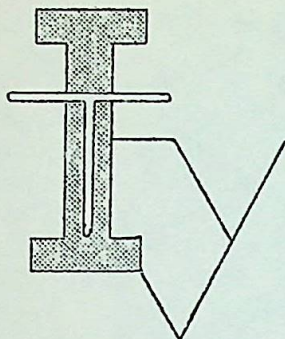
I think that if more people would discuss their desires with others — if people would just open their minds and hearts to each other — if people would realize that the desire for luxury and beauty is a part of us all —

male and female — that there would no longer be a term of transvestite.

Men still run the clothing industry. But for some reason, they seem to be afraid to cater to their own desires. I have never heard of a woman who could not dress herself as she desired. I don't think I ever will. Women can buy clothing in any style or texture they want. They have been outspoken enough to the point that their desires are known and catered to. Why can't men do the same thing? How many top clothing designers are men? They didn't know what women wanted until women told them. Men! If you want beautiful things you are going to have to ask for them! Try writing to people who have the power and position to do something about your needs. If enough of you are clear minded enough to do something constructive for yourselves — instead of hiding behind closed doors, wearing fashions designed for someone else — you will get the desired results. You can get what you want if you try hard enough!

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JUST AS IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A WORLD, THE TRANSVESTITE IS LIKE A MANY-FACETED DIAMOND IN VARIETY AND IN EMOTIONAL INVOLVEMENT. THIS COLUMN WILL SERIOUSLY TRY TO DO ITS BEST TO HELP YOU, THE TRANSVESTITE AND THE INDIVIDUAL WHO WISHES TO DRESS AS HE OR SHE SEES FIT, WITH ANY PROBLEMS YOU MAY HAVE. SEND YOUR PROBLEMS AND/OR QUESTIONS TO: TV COUNSEL, NEW TRENNIS MAGAZINE, 1321 3RD AVE., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98101. AT THE PRESENT TIME IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ANSWER INQUIRIES BY LETTER—ALL LETTERS RECEIVED WILL BE ANSWERED IN THE TV COUNSEL COLUMN. TV COUNSEL IS THE PUBLIC SERVICE AND AID PROGRAM OF TV INTERNATIONAL.

DEAR COUNSEL: I HAVE A GIRL FRIEND WHO ENCOURAGES ME IN CROSS-DRESSING. SHE INSISTS ON ME PUTTING ON HER CLOTHES. SHOULD I CONTINUE? M.R.

DEAR M.R.: IF YOU DO IT ONLY TO PLEASE HER, NO. IF YOU LIKE CROSS-DRESSING, THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION. DON'T BE LED INTO A DIFFICULT WAY OF LIFE AGAINST YOUR PRINCIPALS.

DEAR COUNSEL: AFTER A SESSION OF DRESSING I HAVE DIFFICULTY IN REMOVING MAKE-UP. WHAT CAN I DO?

ANSWER: APPLY COLD CREAM BEFORE PUTTING ON YOUR MAKE-UP AS ACTORS DO. IT IS A LITTLE GREASY BUT POWDER, EYE SHADOW AND LIPSTICK REMOVE FASTER.

DEAR COUNSEL: I HAVE THIS "THING" ABOUT WAIST-CINCHERS AND FIND DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING ONE. CAN YOU HELP ME? S.L.

DEAR S.L.: WRITE TO CUSTOMER SERVICE AT ANY BIG DEPARTMENT STORE. THEY'LL FIND WHATEVER YOU NEED QUICKLY.

DEAR COUNSEL: I HAVE TROUBLE IN LEARNING HOW TO USE MAKE-UP. IS THERE A SIMPLE WAY? P.K.

DEAR P.K. WOMEN'S NATIONAL MAGAZINES GIVE ALL KINDS OF HINTS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRACTICE.

DEAR COUNSEL: I WORE GIRL'S CLOTHING TILL KINDERGARTEN AND UNDERWEAR EVER SINCE. I RECENTLY GRADUATED AS A MALE NURSE. I WANT TO CHANGE PHYSICALLY. WHAT SHOULD I DO? T.Y.

DEAR T.Y.: HAVE A FRANK TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR AND TELL HIM EVERYTHING. YOUR CASE IS NOT EXTRAORDINARY BUT LET HIM BE THE JUDGE.

DEAR COUNSEL: I AM NATURALLY MODEST AND ONE OCCASION, IN BRIGHT SUNLIGHT I WAS AFRAID THAT THE LIGHT WOULD SHINE THROUGH MY DRESS AND SLIP. IS THERE SOMETHING TO PREVENT THIS?

ANSWER: CERTAINLY. ASK FOR A SHADOW-PANEL SLIP. THIS HAS EXTRA PANEL DOWN THE FRONT FOR YOUR PROTECTION.

DEAR COUNSEL: I LIKE TO WEAR A FULL SLIP BUT FIND IT BUNCHES UP UNDER MY PANTS. HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTIONS? J.Z.

DEAR J.Z.: WHY NOT PURCHASE PETTI-PANTS? THIS WILL GIVE YOU THE SILKEN FEELING AND AVOID THE BUNCHING.

DEAR COUNSEL: I HAVE NEVER ACHIEVED CLEAVAGE. HOW CAN I DO THIS.

ANSWER: SOME PEOPLE TAPE UNDER THE ARMS AND ACROSS THE CHEST DRAWING THE PECTORAL MUSCLES TOGETHER MAKING CLEA-

VAGE THAT SHOWS ABOVE THE BRA LINE. WARNING: IF YOU ARE NOT CAREFUL YOU'LL BE VERY SORE IF YOU TRY THIS AND DO IT INCORRECTLY.

DEAR COUNSEL: AFTER A SERIOUS ACCIDENT SOME YEARS AGO I WAS DENIED THE USE OF MY MALE CAPACITY. WOULD BEING A TRANSVESTITE HELP?

DEAR F.G.: THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO TRY. GENERALLY TVS CROSS-DRESS DUE TO THE THERAPEUTICAL EFFECT OF FEMALE CLOTHING. IF IT DOES NOT HAVE A PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT, DROP IT.

DEAR COUNSEL: MY HANDS GIVE ME AWAY. IS THERE A SOLUTION?

ANSWER: YOU FIRST SHOULD REMOVE ALL THE HAIR FROM YOUR HANDS. USE HAND CREAM. BUY FALSE NAILS THAT GLUE TO YOUR EXISTING NAILS. DON'T USE BRIGHT NAIL POLISH. USE PRETTY GLOVES WHEN YOU CAN.

DEAR COUNSEL: I WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND WITH OTHER TRANSVESTITES. WOULD YOU FORWARD MY NAME? A.L.

DEAR A.L.: NO. THIS COLUMN IS NOT FOR THAT PURPOSE.



MY
HERO
IN
HIGH.
HEELS

By: Billy Knight

A w, gee, Susan!" seventeen year old Bobby Barker pleaded with his tantalizing, female, walking companion. His passive-brown eyes looked anxiously at the very-femininely-formed, blonde-haired, young, girl striding with him along the vast, shining-white beach. the rhythmic, muted, roar of the nearby surf was unheard by his ears, as he fumbled for skillful words to influence this lovely girl-woman. "Please, Susan!" he begged. "Come on, give me a break. Go to the dance with me at 'The Teeners' Inn.' Why not? Haven't I always been good to you? Why are you mad at me?" He blushed, looked down at his hairy, masculine-seeming, legs, and blurted out: "You know that I'm crazy about you, Susan! Don't you know that by now?"

Seventeen year old Susan Sawyer, gave bobby a naive-blue-eyed look, as her mind worked furiously at the problem of getting her way with this handsome, and likeable, boy. 'Wouldn't he be pretty, dressed as a girl', she thought, looking calculatingly at his 5 foot 8 inch, slim, lithe-muscled, body, his mop of flaming-red hair, and his sensual, girl-ish-shaped lips. 'But his legs!' She shuddered. 'They're so darn Hairy!' Why, those stiff hairs would rip a pair of nylons to shreds, if he tried to put some on!' However, that problem can be easily solved!' She thought smugly, and her firm, full, mouth tightened in sudden resolve, and she said:

"Bobby! Just how badly do you want to take me to the dance?

'Course, we've been going together most of the summer, but we really don't know each other yet! That is, inwardly, you know? Our secret thoughts? What we're really like, inside?"

"Susan," Bobby said earnestly. "I would do anything!" — He scuffed idly at a sea shell with



a small, well-formed, foot. "Well, almost anything!"

"Thanks, Bobby," Susan murmured absently, swooping suddenly down with her agile, tanned-young-body, to pick up an attractive piece of driftwood. "Tell you what, Bobby. Remember those gorgeous panty-hose, we saw downtown awhile ago in the window of Anita's Dress Shoppe? Golly! I thought they were the cutest things!"

"Sure, I remember those flimsy, 'useless-looking, things,"

→(Continued on page 47)

Transvestism, Buddhism and
Reincarnation.

A Series
of
Questions
and
Answers

Written By:

Raymond Hastings

QUESTION: Are transvestites, homosexuals, and other unusual type people a threat to our society?

ANSWER: First let me reply in dealing with human beings it is wrong to group them together as if they were a bunch of green onions pulled from the garden and tied with a rubber band ready for market. The transvestite personality can be, and often is, chaste and pure of body, as the very act wearing clothes they prefer is a fulfillment of their desires. While a homosexual is looking for sex, needs sex, and demands sex to satisfy his inter needs. So the basic difference is readily apparent for the transvestite does not seek out another's body to satisfy their own desires while on the other hand the homosexual needs the cooperation of another in order to gain satisfaction.

QUESTION: Why would a man want to dress as a woman if he were normal otherwise?

ANSWER: While many explanations are given in the medical field there is another field that has been almost completely ignored. I refer to the spiritual aspects of human behavior. When I was yet a small boy in Colombo, Ceylon my Buddhist teacher often spoke to me on reincarnation. And so often I turn to the wisdom of both the Buddhists and Hindus to bring forth this answer. No doubt in previous lives those of us that are males were females and conversely the same for the females. This is the basic law of life that as human beings we experience the full cycle of being. Undoubtedly the simple act of a man wearing women's undergarments or high heel shoes awakens that which lies asleep from a previous existence.

QUESTION: Shouldn't something be done to help these poor, unfortunate mentally ill people?

ANSWER: Too often those who are sick themselves believe they see sickness in others. To believe that those who do not or will not conform to certain style of dress or haircut or style of shoe are mentally ill reveals how sick our society has become. For all history has proved that the society which allows individual expression in manner of dress and style of hair and type of dwellings is a strong society. It is only a weak society which feels it must promote laws against the individual in order to protect its self. However, the crulest thing that some members of society do is

to brand those they don't understand as mentally ill. The strong society does not make laws and restrictions against its individual members but rather seeks ways to always protect the private, personal life of the individual.

QUESTION: Isn't the real problem with these guys in women's clothes is that they won't face life and are trying to run away?

ANSWER: On the contrary, the transvestites are facing facts. They realize they wish to wear pretty clothes and reveal the hidden self if only to themselves. They are facing the fact that they want to experience the thrill and challenge to be their real selves. They also face the fact that to do as you please in modern day society is a danger. Even, if you do nothing more than dress in the manner you choose you are in personal danger. Transvestites are not only fighting for their own rights, that right being the freedom to express oneself in their mode of dress, but also in a larger sense they are fighting for the rights and future freedom of the very people who seek to suppress them. For the basic fact is that the society that allows freedom of individual expression is going to be more lasting and permanent than that society which is slowly smothering to death under a mountain of restrictions. Perhaps it is the transvestites who do face life and society that is seeking to hide or run away.

QUESTION: Are the transvestites just trying to confuse everybody?

ANSWER: If the only way you have of telling a man from a woman is by the clothes they wear you are in bad shape. Clothes don't create personalities, rather it is the personality which creates a wardrobe. Clothes are the outward expression of the inner-being.

QUESTION: Isn't the appearance of transvestism an outward sign of rebellion against the world and its pressures on the individual?

ANSWER: No, this is not true, for if that were true, then when more stable times came transvestism would gradually disappear. Everyone knows that transvestism is not a product of this era but has always existed. So, to say that because the world rests on the brink of annihilation from atomic warfare transvestism is on the increase would not be correct. Rather than from fear's influence, it is people

reading and learning that they do have the right to express themselves and not be ashamed of their inter-emotions that transvestism is on the increase.

QUESTION: Since transvestites use their bodies and appearance to tease and arouse sexual interest why do you say they are any different than homosexuals.

ANSWER: First it must be understood that transvestites don't use themselves to advertise anymore than the regular girl. Transvestites like to be admired. They would like to present an appearance that would cause envy but to cause lustful feelings is the last thing the true transvestite wishes. The transvestite wishes to be a beautiful lady and to be treated as one at all times. On the other side the homosexual who sometimes dresses in the clothing of opposite sex does so to proposition.

QUESTION: Does the transvestite just sit around in beautiful clothes all the time. Don't they ever make love?

ANSWER: Just the fact that they have pretty clothes and are able to wear the style of dress they prefer is often enough to satisfy the transvestite. Yet they do enjoy all aspects of love but only with the opposite sex. Many transvestites are happily married men with several children.

QUESTION: Isn't the real reason a transvestite dresses like a woman is so that another man will try to make a pass at them?

ANSWER: No. A transvestite may enjoy being admired by a man but don't encourage an encounter. The reason the transvestite likes to be admired by a man is simply they have proved to themselves that they have perfected their role as a woman. But there are many women who are aroused emotionally by another beautiful woman and when they discover the beautiful woman is in reality a man they are fascinated. Very few transvestites assume their role on a twenty-four hour basis.

QUESTION: Could a transvestite also be a member of a nudist colony?

ANSWER: Possibly, but not very likely as the transvestite and nudist hold directly opposite views of clothing. The nudist disregards clothing as much as possible, wearing possibly an apron or wrap around towel when cooking and the rest of

the time wearing nothing. While the transvestite loves the feel of clothes and doesn't like to have rough, coarse skin that has been baked in the sun and dried out by the wind.

QUESTION: Why do so many teen-age boys practice transvestism secretly?

ANSWER: The period between twelve and seventeen the young men realize their bodies are beginning to change and this is a highly charged emotional time for them. And going beyond the more obvious aspects of the dread to accept the change is the spiritual side. Hidden deep in the personality is the knowledge that they were once females and sub-consciously recall a previous existence of being on the dis-taff side of life. This fact has been written down tens of thousands of years ago. Both the Buddhists and Hindu teachings point out changing of sex during the hundreds of life times each of us experience during our reincarnations.

QUESTION: If transvestism is not bad and doesn't hurt anyone why must I be secretive about being a transvestite?

ANSWER: Simply because it is different, and anything that is different frightens people. Everyone of us have an idea of how we want the world to be. So, if we see something different we become afraid for we wonder if our world is going to change. People resist change of any kind and the only hope of the transvestite community is that a slow steady increase of knowledge will create social pressure; so that all men will allow others to live in peace and in the manner and mode of dress and belief best suited to their happiness.

QUESTION: Do you really believe that transvestites will ever be allowed to be a part of society?

ANSWER: Well, they are a part of society now. The underground part, and while it is difficult to pin-point the events of the future there are definite signs that society as a responsive, thinking unit as being able to develop empathy with those they have forced to live in the shadows.

QUESTION: Wouldn't a psychiatrist be able to help me over come the feeling of wanting to dress as a woman?

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ANSWER: Only if you truly feel guilty and ashamed of yourself. But if you actually like the feeling of soft pretty clothing you would be wasting your money and the psychiatrist's valuable time.

QUESTION: What makes a transvestite?

ANSWER: There is no medical or biological answer at the present time which is why I feel it is necessary to present the spiritual side of life; which all too often has been ignored. There is an inter-feeling among transvestites to return to those things which they once knew long ago - to be a woman again. To re-live the past if only for an hour. Transvestites come from all walks and levels of life; doctors, school teachers, scientists and trades people all have among their group those who yearn to experience the past life. As a group transvestites are highly intelligent and are middle income class.

QUESTION: What are the more common mistakes made by transvestites in public?

ANSWER: Appearing alone in public is the biggest error. Even in this enlightened age for women, a woman does not appear alone in bars if she is a lady. Don't use public rest rooms or drive a car.

QUESTION: Why would a transvestite seek out the company of a domineering woman but not accept the company of a domineering male?

ANSWER: Simply because the transvestite will feel able to have a man-woman type affair with a domineering woman; whereas a domineering male would expect a homosexual affair and this is not the type of thing which the transvestite will allow. Homosexuals have a marked propensity toward their own sex while the transvestite is just the reverse.

foresight), I can now see that the technique had every likelihood of failing. But, at the time, it seemed a plausible way to go forward; and we could certainly learn by doing! So we got started.

What did we do? We got busy joining singles clubs, computer dating bureaus, church socials, dance clubs.

His technique simple amounted to meeting a lot of girls, screening out the interesting ones, swinging the conversation around to the subject of female impersonation, and then, if no storm signals were apparent, letting slip the news that he was really just a girl in disguise.

Interesting enough, this technique seemed to work quite well at first. I managed to meet a number of charming girls who initially gave all the signs that they were genuinely interested in me.

The principal difficulty crept in later, when we started to make love! It wasn't that they weren't interested in me as a boy; and weren't, therefore, curious about the why's and wherefore's of my other facet; but, when we got right down to it, they were very definitely turned off by Sally.

A great state of affairs! Here I was, relating to them very well; but they weren't really relating to me!

The confounded duplicity of those babes! All along, holding out the promise of great expectations; shamming great interest for both of us, until we get all

emotionally involved; then - POW! - the axe for Sally!

Pfui on that!

Oh, sure. I can see the reason for it now. I had, characteristically, gone about the whole process backward!

Obviously, the girls Sal had met had been primarily interested in boys; they had no place in their lives for affairs with girls. The whole idea of finding the gal we needed among such types was ludicrous!

What I should have been doing was circulating as a girl, while keeping the old eyes peeled for the high sign from some other gal.

Well! live and learn! It was interesting though. In spite of

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failing to meet the type of girl I was searching for, the caper hadn't been a complete waste. In the process of checking those babes out, I had learned a lot about the response to the transsexual. This knowledge was later to be very helpful.

After thinking over my experiences, I concluded that the girls I had met could be fairly grouped into three broad categories;

1. The Puritans: who were horrified and scandalized by any normal human emotions above the ones spelled out in the pages of the Ladies Home Journal. These gals, in spite of their powerful conditioning toward building a nest and becoming wives and mothers, somehow never seemed to be able to have normal, healthy, interpersonal relationships with anyone. Even the guys they, somehow managed to hock into marriage came out behind the eight-ball; because these gals could never turn on. (It's really surprising how many intricate excuses they can produce to avoid a genuine involvement!)

Unfortunately, there are a lot of beautiful and ostensibly charming girls around who fall into this class.

When I first started fooling around with computer dating, I met one of these. She was quite

beautiful and photogenic - in fact, so much so that I wasted a hell of a lot of time photographing her. She was charming, an excellent conversationalist, loved music, the theater, night clubs. She even pressed me to take her up to see the show at Finocchio's! We had a lot of fun together in a platonic sort of way, but everything seemed to go haywire every time I made a move to kiss her!

After, a few dates like this, I began to press about reasons.

"Oh, Sal! I just don't know how I feel about you!"

Typical response! However, as it turned out, that wasn't it at all. She was just plain scared of men! One evening, over dinner, she became very reflective and told me the story of her life. Although it was carefully edited in the telling, it gave me some clues about her that eventually enabled me to solve her mystery.

As I pieced the details together, I got the impression it went about like this: I had met her after she had divorced her first husband. At that time, she was already well along in life, but apparently, had very little contact or experience with men. She had met her husband at the home of a married girl friend, under the usual circumstances that married people impose on unmarried ones, but was immediately captivated by him. Apparently, the attraction was mutual. They had a whirlwind courtship. She determined to catch him in spite of vague warnings from her girl friend that he might not make a good husband.

With rather indecent haste - after all beautiful unmarried men like this don't grow on trees - she rushed him off to Reno, got the knot tied, and then - nothing!

He's a homosexual. She's the mother image. She fancies herself burning up with romantic love for this handsome "Hulk", but he can't or won't turn on. Why it would be veritable incest!

After six weeks of marital fighting, including some sessions with the mother-in-law you wouldn't believe, she gave up and divorced him - still a virgin.

The idiotic part of the whole episode was that the marriage she made was exactly the one she wanted. She really didn't want him to love her that way! If he had only remained the romantic figure, everything would have been alright. It was the appearance of marriage she wanted -- not sex. Perish the thought! But, woman-like, she never told him specifically what was in her mind - or maybe she really didn't know.

After I had cogitated upon that story awhile, I decided to give up with her. She would never relate to me, or to anyone. She was a narcissus!

All those photos I had taken for her, in the attempt to keep her interested in me, should have given me the clue much earlier. She was simply in love with herself. She really needed no one else.

That experience was enough to disillusion anyone, so I quickly developed a system for pinpointing these gals; and, no matter how beautiful they were, wasted

very little time with them. So much for type one!

2. The Normal Heterosexual Girls: Who were raised well to have open minds. These gals really didn't dig she-males; but, characteristically, responded with something like "so what else is new" to the news that I was doubly gendered.

I've met a lot of girls in this class. They can be good friends and a lot of fun; but when romance creeps in, it's my masculine side that gets the action -- and that's that! Being heterosexually oriented, they can't turn on for the female component at all.

One of the most fascinating, charming and passionate girls I've ever met fell into this class. She made no bones about it she loved Sal! She was good fun, and thought it entertaining to watch Sal fool around with girls clothes and long hair. She helped me with the photos and clothing. She was even ready to go with me to drag parties; and, I think, genuinely enjoyed the companionship of the "gals" once she got there. But Sally was NOT to ever come to bed! That was completely out of the question.

I would guess, from the frequency with which one runs into girls like this, that they form the majority. They make good wives and lovers - if one can be satisfied with leading two lives - but they basically fail to fill the need I have; to be desired as a girl.





I've noticed in the TV world that there are a lot of cloak and dagger types around who enjoy sneaking out of the house on Monday nights to attend the "Girl Scott" meetings. I think at least half the fun of dressing, for them, lies in the thought that they're putting something over on the old lady!

Well! After watching these gals in action, I'd be willing to hazard a guess that they haven't been fooling the wives for years. It's just likely that the wife hasn't mentioned the matter because she is relieved to have her husband out of the house when he drags! One has to think of the kiddies, you know!

TV's seem to go through periodic emotional purges, so every once in a while, one of my friends lets her conscience get the best of her and ends up confessing to her wife. It seems almost a uniform let down that the wife knows all about it — has known for a long time.

3. The Male-Oriented Bi-Gals: who seemed to like mixed company, and had affairs with both guys and gals.

Bi-gals are a little bit more difficult to figure out than the heteros until one realizes that there are really two different types of bi-gal. It isn't obvious at first, but after a while it becomes clear that the two types are as different as night and day. The whole secret of understanding what makes these girls tick is in looking at which sex primarily turns them on.

I, therefore, classify them into: the male-oriented gals who are basically turned on by men, but who also like to fool around with women; and the female-oriented gals who for example, get all sexed up by looking at nude photos of women, but, for all kinds of reasons, occasionally climb into the sack with men.

Obviously, the ones Sal met were the male-oriented types. One finds them hanging around wherever boys meet girls. There's no real quick way to spot them; but after you get to know them a little, it starts to become obvious that they don't much care whether they are being made by a fellow or a gal, as long as their partner knows how.

One would think that gals in this category would be just what one was looking for, but I've found that many of these girls, even though they seem to be quite compulsive about their relations with women, don't really get any satisfaction out of the girl-girl thing.

When I began to think over their responses to Sally, I concluded that even they were subtly rejecting Sally in favor of Sal.

What a let down!

Gals in the above three categories abound in great numbers. One can meet them in bars, singles' clubs, at dances, by computer dating, in short, anywhere or by any means that the sexes meet. However, unless you're a hell of a lot luckier than I've been, you'd be simply wasting your time meeting them.

The only way you'll ever

meet a girl who makes some sense to your feminine side is to meet her as a girl!

Of course, as you can see if you've read this far, I didn't reach this conclusion right away; but even I, in my stupidity, eventually saw the light. The whole thing was really a matter of poor perspective at the start of the program.

Looking at our problem from another angle, Sally and Sal were, in a way, brother and sister (incestual overtones!) —or husband and wife (?). We were, at least two personalities, irretrievably joined, who were looking for some special someone who could turn us both on!

Now, this problem is no different from the one being solved every day by the swinging married couples. (And the swinger will tell you that there are a lot of female-oriented bi-gals around.) The only difference between us and the marrieds was that we were confusingly, the same individual: two facets of the same physical being.

Initially, this difference seemed to raise insurmountable difficulties. However, experience proved the difficulties were largely illusory. Frankness was the key. I quickly learned to tell everyone at the outset that I was a boy-girl.

This time, though, it wasn't like I was speaking Sanskrit! I found people understood what I was saying! It seemed I was, at last, getting into the right circle.

Swingers have developed two

effective techniques for turning up the bi-gals: The first and better, is to go where the gals congregate; namely, the girl's gay bars. The second, and perhaps the easier, is to advertise in the correspondence magazines, under-ground newspapers or wherever they have a clue they may have a suitable audience. This involves a lot of correspondence, but digs out the types who don't go to bars.

I've had success with both approaches. The first is somewhat limited if one lives outside the metropolitan areas, but is great in towns like S.F., L.A. and N.Y. For TV's, it's best to have a (genuine) gal along for companionship when hitting the bars she can assure the other gals there you're O.K. Of course this necessarily limits one to the few occasions when the gal friend is in the mood to cruise, but it's very very effective. I've met some extremely interesting types this way.

However, my first worthwhile contact was made through an ad I ran, years ago, in the personal column of the S.F. Chronicle. The ad simply said: Velvet UG adherents contact Sally. (One had to be discreet to get an ad in the Chronicle in those days. Today, it's virtually impossible — which is symptomatic of something or other.)

Interestingly enough, that ad brought in a vast quantity of letters, but after I had duly informed my respondents I wasn't all female, the field quickly narrowed to one couple.

THE

"A New Must 'Read' Book" By: Charles Slavik

TRANVESTITE

"A STUDY OF MEN WHO ENJOY
WEARING WOMEN'S CLOTHING"

This book relates to a phenomena that has been a part of society since there was a society — transvestism. But unfortunately society (even today) has been slow to learn about transvestism because it has invariably, due to prejudice and lack of understanding, confused it with other behavioral patterns. Many people have therefore suffered greatly and unnecessarily.

The author has tried to be as unobtrusive as possible presenting facts, figures and opinions about transvestism gathered from numerous sources so that you the reader will have a better understanding and increased awareness as to the complexities of human nature. It is hoped that this book will sooner or later come into the hands of someone who has to contend with this phenomena either as a concerned bystander such as a parent or a wife or possibly a practicing transvestite. If this book can help any of these people achieve any degree of understanding and consideration it will have served its purpose.

Stop wondering, read the facts. Order your copy of 'The Transvestite,' today. Only \$2.00 — Send today. You will also receive with your book complete information about the Empathy Club,

New Trenns Magazine
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Dear Sirs: Please send me your book entitled: 'The Transvestite.' I have enclosed \$2.00. Please rush.

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Below is listed the nine fact filled chapters of this book that explains in detail what transvestism really means and why it is not the evil phenomena most people conceive it to be.

CHAPTER

1. Transvestism Defined and Described
Definition
Description
Categories of transvestism
2. Causes of Transvestism
Cross-dressing in childhood
Biological causes
Social causes
3. Transvestism and Homosexuality
4. Transvestism and Trans-sexualism
5. Associated Phenomena
Fetishism
Narcissism
Exhibitionism
Masochism
Transvestite suicides
6. Social Roles of Transvestites
Transvestite husbands
Transvestite fathers
Transvestite and occupation
Transvestites and the law
7. Help for Transvestites
8. A Transvestite looks at Transvestism
9. The Empathy Club, Friendship and Understanding

They weren't quite sure what I was talking about, having never met anyone like me, but I sounded nice and they'd like to meet me. "Why didn't I come up?"

"Love to!"

So, we jumped in the gas buggy and Sal drove us up there. (I was quite timid about going out in drag in those days—a state of mind quite common to budding TV's — but the timidity doesn't last long once one knows the score. Today, for obvious reasons, I wouldn't dream of meeting anyone new as Sal. Consequently, I go everywhere in drag and I've never had a bit of trouble.)

As it turned out, I was overly cautious, I could easily have gone to them, that time, in drag.

They lived in a nice roomy house, charmingly set on a hillside; had a couple of small children; both worked; were active nudists; and seemed to be quite happy and well adjusted individuals.

From the onset, they were very frank about their interests, explaining their activities in some detail; and their trust in me in turn, made it easy for me to tell them all about me.

As the evening progressed, I brought out some photos of Sally to illustrate the point of my story. That led into a discussion of techniques. And that in turn led to an examination of my wigs and drag. Finally, they confessed they were both really very intrigued with my long hair. Karen's wouldn't grow long; and Bill, obviously, in those days, couldn't let his grow out.

Could they try mine on to see what it was like?

Of course! Why not?

So Karen put on my blonde hair.

Man! Talk about personality shifts! I've seen a lot of them in my day, but that was one to reckon with.

All of a sudden, instead of the rather reserved brunette housewife, we had a dizzy blonde on our hands!

"Gee! I didn't realize it, but blondes really do have more fun," she said. "I'm in the mood for a party!"

"Bill! Let's have a photo session!"

"Sounds great. O.K. with you, Sal?"

"Sure. Anything to make a lady happy."

So She quickly changed into the most sexy sheer bikini I'd ever seen, came back into the room did a few poses; and then decided she was wearing too much!

Bill got into the brunette wig and flounced around looking like the male version of lady Godiva. With the two of them clowning around we managed to get some really sensational shots!

Later, when she was tired of fooling around, they got dressed and we sat around reminiscing.

Bill thought the hair felt sexier than his silk undies. Karen really didn't think she had changed personalities. The hair just made her feel sexy and high. She was surprised that the two of us had seen something new in her.

They thought the evening had been a lot of fun. We should cer-





tainly get together again soon. In fact, why didn't I "come on up" to their next party. I could come early, get made-up and dressed, since I didn't want to drive in drag; and then help Karen with the refreshments.

The whole idea sounded great! I accepted.

As I was saying my goodbyes, I had the intuitive feeling that Karen wanted to kiss me, but not being very familiar with the swinging philosophy at the time, I wasn't very hep. I felt it might not be quite acceptable to kiss her in front of Bill. (Nonsense!) I didn't want to risk offending him. And anyway, I was shy. So the moment passed, and I went off home.

All in all, the evening had been great for me. I was elated at having, at last, made contact with someone who was interesting and sympathetic. True, I hadn't quite uncovered the right gal, and I hadn't dragged, but there was a promise of good fun to come. Clearly the Five Dollars spent on that ad hadn't been wasted.

On the evening of the party, I arrived early, as planned, and offered to help with the preparations, but Karen shooed me into the bathroom and told me to get dressed. But what a panic! Every two minutes there she was, popping in to see how I was coming along. One would have thought she'd never seen a girl getting dressed before!

As a result, it took a lot longer than I had planned. And
← ← BREASTS WERE MADE BY AUTHOR FROM LATEX.

before I was quite ready, I heard the first couple arriving.

That, in itself, wouldn't have been so un-nerving, except that a minute or so later a cute red-head, whom I had never met before, appeared in the doorway!

Would it bother me very much if she came in and used the biffy?

Well! (What could I say?)

I looked at her, blushed, mumbled something like "No"; then turned back to the mirror and tried to be nonchalant about putting on the rest of my lipstick. She came in, pulled up her skirt and sat down.

(Shocking scene? Well, no, not really. Today, it wouldn't phase me in the least - having been in and out of more ladies johns that I care to remember. But at the time, I have to admit I was a little unprepared. Plus the fact that I have a crazy, deep voice - even when I modulate it - so my plan had been to avoid speaking as long as I could. I wanted to try to keep from spoiling the effect of my appearance. But how can one avoid blurting out something in a situation like that?)

Anyway, as soon as I could manage it, I finished what I was
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ATTENTION GIRLS

DON'T MISS OUT: IF YOU ARE A GAL AND NEED THE UNDERSTANDING ONLY ANOTHER GIRL CAN GIVE YOU. LET FEM-SCENE CLUB MAGAZINE PLACE YOU IN CONTACT WITH A GIRL WHO SHARES YOUR FEELINGS. FOR A SAMPLE COPY SEND 35¢ TO FEM-SCENE, P.O. BOX 12466, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98111

doing and beat it out of there. But I must say, she seemed quite oblivious to the fact that she had a male in the john with her.

About that time the others were starting to arrive. As the introductions were being made I got a searching look from a gal who turned out to be a nurse; but everything else seemed to be going along alright. I fixed a drink and sat down in a corner to watch the rest of the crowd arrive.

Soon everyone was there. Someone set up a movie projector, the lights were dimmed and we were treated to some fetching scenes from a nudist camp. Then followed a poignant sequence depicting a couple of lesbians making out. This film was followed by the inevitable series of "party" movies that spice up the early moments of many swing parties.

As it turns out, only the devotees of the movie art ever see these through. The purpose of the films is to get everyone warmed up; and they seem to accomplish this quite well.

It didn't take long to get this crowd started. Before the second reel was half through, some of the guys and gals were kissing, a couple of the girls were unzipping, and one of them was very frank about getting "more comfortable." She left the room momentarily to return in a sheer negligee.

All through this scene, everyone was wisecracking about the actors and what they were doing; and there was a fair amount

of bragging by both sexes about how they could do it better.

People kept getting undressed, and soon there was an open display of nudity that I began to feel completely over dressed. I was trying to play the role of the demure one, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that that role wouldn't stand up long in this environment. So, accepting the inevitable, I made my way to one of the bedrooms to change into something more "comfortable" too.

In the bedroom, I bumped into Karen, who was showing one of



my wigs to the pretty red-head who had barged in on me in the john. Karen explained how "he"
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(meaning me) made them "himself",
"He?"

"Yes! Oh, come on, Dee! Sally's a boy. Do you mean to tell me you haven't caught on yet?"

"Go on!" "You're pulling my leg?"

As this conversation had been going on, I had been slipping out of my dress and merry-widow; so when Dee turned around to inspect me, I was dressed only in hose and panties. But she still didn't believe Karen. I was just a flat chested girl - "Why look at those legs! No man ever had a pair of legs like that!"

"Show her!", Karen demanded!

I finally had to show her. She was intrigued!

"Well, babe, that's a new one on me! We'll have to go see what this is all about!" So saying, she dragged me off into the other bedroom, and proceeded to learn.

It was quite an experience for both of us.

I was "so soft", "so gentle." My hair! She buried her arms in it. "My God! All that hair! Isn't that the most?" It felt so good, and smelt so good!

"Wow!" Did she ever wish she had equipment like mine when she climbed on top of her girl friends! "That would really be something else!"

There was no question about the fact that I turned her on. She was like a thing possessed in my arms. She writhed and moaned. "Oh, God! Sally! No other girl ever done that to me!" "It's heavenly!" "You're wonderful!"

You can bet I was in seventh heaven too! This was the first

time a girl had lusted after Sally and I was really impressed. Her emotions were so powerful that I couldn't doubt their reality. What beautiful music we made together. I loved her with a passion! It was an experience that would be indelibly engraved on my memory.

I can't tell you with certainty how long we were together, but when I later reminisced with Karen I deduced it must have been a long time. However, at the time, I can assure you it was an all too short moment of existence. I would willingly have luxuriated in that gals arms forever!

But, all too soon, the episode was over. She had become sated and it was time to quit. Giving me a playful swat on the rump, she pushed me off, and was up and out in search of greener pastures!

So, pulling myself together, I brushed out my hair, re-did my face, slipped into a negligee; and somewhat reluctantly, made my way back into the living room to see what was transpiring there.

A couple of unoccupied males whistled at me as I came in, but they were headed off by the nurse who took me in tow.

Yes, as a matter of fact, she had read me right off - it's pretty hard to fool a nurse. But she and Karen and Dee were the only ones who knew what the score was. Her husband was hungering for that "sexy new broad." In fact, it was a wonder he hadn't joined Dee and me!

Was I bi?

Well, no - I didn't think so. Maybe another she-male, but

certainly not a male-male. They simply didn't turn me on at all.

Well, in that case, I'd better get out of drag before there was a great furor raised. Everyone had given Dee the first crack at "the new girl" because they knew the lesbian scene was Dee's style - she always cruised the new girls. But if I didn't want the men giving me a bad time and wanted to be popular with the rest of the girls, I should take off the long hair and the war paint." She knew all the other girls well and none of them liked girls. They just wouldn't know what to do with me.

She strongly advised me to be a sport and make the rounds, since I obviously had good equipment. The girls would be disappointed if I didn't. It would be a "positive waste" if I was planning to wait for Dee, because that broad was a "nympho" and never went with the same person twice in the same evening!

So, being new to the scene, I yielded to her sage advice and did as she suggested; but I've come to regard that move as a fundamental mistake! While it's true I had the satisfaction of hearing someone say, "Where the hell did that new guy come from? I didn't see him come in!" and had some fun with the other girls; the whole thing wasn't really my style. It defeated my self concept and really only got me back in the same groove I'd been trying to get out of.

Learning from that evening, I never changed down again. If Sally went to a party, that's who

home afterward.

One last interesting episode occurred before the evening was over. Everyone was about played out and people were scurrying around trying to sort out the clothes, which, in their haste to get going, they'd dropped every which where.

On my part, I had been able to find everything and was putting my drag in a suit case when one of the fellows came up to me and asked:

"Sal, would it be okay if I tried on your wig to show my wife how I look in long hair?"

"Sure, Why not?"

So of he went with the blonde wig.

He was barely out of the room when the next one came in and wanted to borrow my negligee to "show Harriet" how he would look in a sheer nighty. (Fond hopes!)

As it turned out, about one guy in four eventually tried something of mine on to "show the wife".

I concluded from that that there are alot more latents around than anyone realizes. A lot of fellows would dress if they had any encouragement whatsoever from anyone. That evening it had suddenly become a socially acceptable thing to do. (or, at least, I had gotten away with it without any horrified exclamations from anyone!)

I've noticed similar incidents occurring at other parties, over the years, and I'm now more convinced than ever that there

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are a lot more latent TV's around than anyone guesses.

That first party was to be a turning point in my life. Through the people I met there, I met others. And through those others, I eventually met the woman who has been a continual source of fascination to me ever since.

Also the experience with Dee was a revelation. At last I had living proof that Sally was desirable to other girls as a love partner! Dee was clearly the kind of girl I had been searching for. Maybe Dee herself wasn't the one,

but she represented the prototype. I knew at last, what kind of woman I need.

That all these worthwhile experiences had grown from that small newspaper ad. Clearly advertising was the key to success! Since then, by word of mouth, through the correspondence club and services, I continuously send out the word that I'm seeking soulmates. I'm now a great believer in publicity - I advertise everywhere!

Maybe you should too?



If you would like to correspond with Sally Douglas — write to the following address: Sally Douglas, P.O. Box 2441, Menlo Park, California 94025. Sally will answer all letters but those with photo and phone Number will definitely be first.

Remember New Trenns Magazine will print your experiences too — All material submitted must be type written, double spaced and accompanied with a stamped return envelope. Photos are especially wanted. Blow the dust off your typewriter and send us something today — see yourself in print.



PERSONAL COLUMN

WASHINGTON-COUPLE. BROAD-MINDED, WANTING CORRESPONDENCE AND MEETING WITH OTHER COUPLES AND SINGLE GALS. USUAL INTERESTS AND WILLING TO TRY ALMOST ANYTHING. BOX EC-90

TWO SWINGING, PRETTY GIRLS WHO ARE BOTH AC/DC WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPONDENCE WITH COUPLES FOR PARTIES AND GROUP FUN. PAT IS 5-6, BLONDE - WAIST LENGTH STRAIGHT HAIR, BLUE EYES AND 37-22-37, 21 YEARS OLD. NORMA IS 39-23-38, 130 LBS., 5-11, BLONDE, GREEN EYES - 23 YEARS OLD. BOTH LOVE FRENCH AND ROMAN CULTURES, ALSO GREEK. THEY LOVE EXOTIC CLOTHING. PAT IS DOCILE AND NORMA IS DOMINANT. THEY WELCOME ANY LETTER OR PHOTO RECEIVED. INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE ASSURED. WRITE TODAY. CALIF. AREA. BOX FS-NT-1

IDAHO-MALE. I WANT TO CORRESPOND AND MEET DOMINANT WOMEN WHO LIKE TO BE CATERED TO. MY INTERESTS ARE EXOTIC GARMENTS, CORSETS, BRAS, GIRDLES, NYLONS AND HIGH HEELS. I'M OBEYIENT AND EAGER TO PLEASE. DISCRETION ASSURED. PLEASE WRITE I WILL ANSWER ALL. BOX DD

PENNA.-FEMALE. AGE 42, ATTRACTIVE. DESIRES TO CORRESPOND WITH WOMEN ONLY. TO FIND A WOMAN COMPANION. SHE SHOULD BE ATTRACTIVE AND EXCITING, ENJOY INTERESTS TOGETHER ON THE ONLY SUBJECT WORTH THE EFFORT. UNDERSTANDING WOMEN AGE 35 TO 45. WRITE SOON. BOX NT-2P

SEATTLE, WASH. - MALE. AGE 29. INTERESTED IN MEETING AND CORRESPONDING WITH UNINHIBITED FEMALES, COUPLES FOR FUN AND

FROLIC. LOVES VARIOUS CULTURES AND EXOTIC WEAR. EAGER TO PLEASE. PHOTO, PHONE HELPFUL. WILL ANSWER ALL. NO SINGLE MEN OR PHONES. BOX NT-3P

CALIF. - FEMALE. 5-9, 39-22-37, 128, REDHEAD. UNINHIBITED AND BROADMINDED. I LOVE TO PARTY WITH MEN WHO WILL DRESS IN EXOTIC LINGERIE TO PLEASE ME. I HAVE A BOY FRIEND FOR PARTIES IF NEEDED. IF NOT, WILL GO IT ALONE. MEN OF A DOCILE NATURE PREFERRED. BOX NT-4P

SAN FRANCISCO. ATTRACTIVE, AFFECTIONATE, EXPERIENCED BI-SEXUAL/TRANS-SEXUAL COUPLE (SEE PAGE 10) FOR A PHOTO ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ABOUT SALLY DOUGLAS) WILL MEET BI-SEXUAL GIRLS OR BI-SEXUAL COUPLES, BAY AREA OR TRAVELLING THROUGH. WILL ALSO ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE FROM TRANS-SEXUALS OR TRANSVESTITES OF EITHER SEX. ALL LETTER WILL BE ANSWERED BUT THOSE WITH PHOTO AND PHONE NO. WILL DEFINITELY BE FIRST. WRITE TO: SALLY DOUGLAS, P.O. BOX 2441, MENLO PARK, CALIF. 94025

COLORADO-MALE. I'M WHITE - 5-8, 160 LBS. 28 YEARS OLD. I SEEK A MARRIED OR SINGLE WOMAN FOR PLEASURABLE MEETINGS. I'M EAGER AND ANXIOUS TO PLEASE IN ALL WAYS. FROM AGE 25-45, WOMEN ONLY. SINCERE LETTERS AND PHOTO PLEASE. BOX EC-62

INDIANA - MALE. WHITE 33 YEARS. VERY INTERESTED IN LINGERIE AND NYLONS. WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM OTHERS WITH SIMILAR INTERESTS. BOX EC-60

NEBRASKA - COUPLE. AMATEUR TRANSVESTITE - RANCHER WOULD

LIKE CORRESPONDENCE WITH MALES FEMALES, COUPLES AND TV'S. MEMBERS ARE INVITED TO COME TO THE RANCH. WILL EXCHANGE PHOTOS. HAS LARGE COLLECTION OF LEATHER WEAR AND HI-HEEL BOOTS. WILL ANSWER ALL. BOX EC-76

OHIO - FEMALE. ATTRACTIVE BLUE EYED BLONDE. 28 - SINGLE. 5-2 - 36-24-35. FROLICSOME, FUN LOVING. SEEKS DISCREET UNDERSTANDING MAN OF ANY AGE, RACE, CREED, INDEPENDENT INCOME. HAVE CAR, CAN TRAVEL ANYWHERE, VERY ANXIOUS. WRITE SOON. BOX EC-81

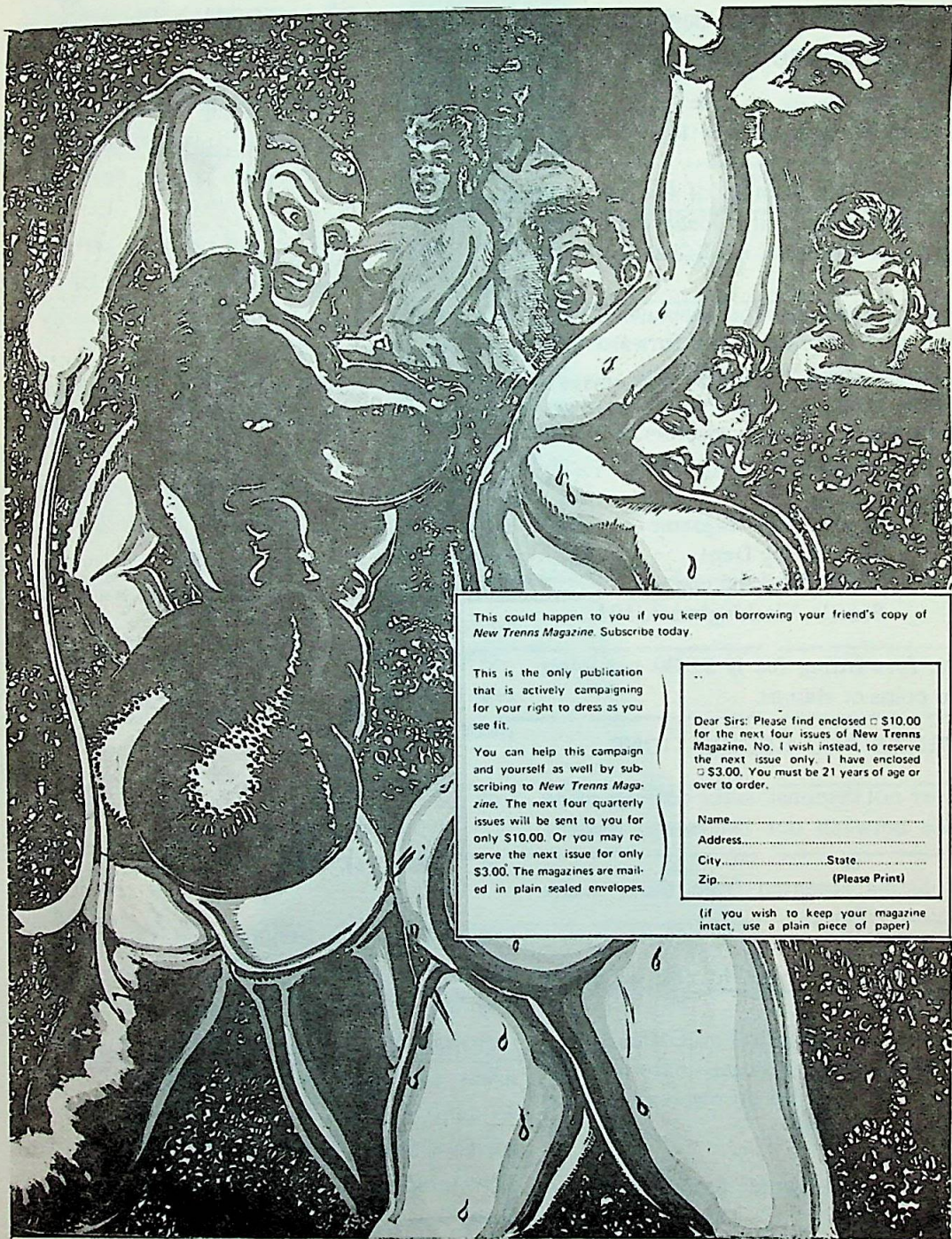
WASH. - MALE. SINGLE - DEVOUT TRANSVESTITE IS ANXIOUS TO CORRESPOND AND MEET WITH OTHERS SO INCLINED. I ENJOY WEARING RUBBER CLOTHING - HAVE ASSORTMENT. WILL ANSWER ALL PROMPTLY. BOX EC-71

CALIF. (BAY AREA) - COUPLE. EARLY TWENTIES - ATTRACTIVE. NEW TO SWINGING, WISH TO MEET OTHER ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLES IN OUR AREA. (S.F.) WIFE IS VERY PRETTY ORIENTAL, LIKES MEN. HUSBAND HANDSOME, TALL. LIKES BONDAGE, DISCIPLINE - VARIOUS CULTURES. BOTH EAGER LEARNERS. NO AC/DC OR SINGLE MEN. BOX EC-70

CALIF. - MALE. RETIRED ATTORNEY - EX NEW YORKER SEEKS OTHERS INTERESTED IN HIGH HEELS, BOOTS, BONDAGE. EITHER SEX FOR EXCHANGE OF CORRESPONDENCE, LITERATURE. POSSIBLE MEETINGS. BOX EC-67

NEW YORK - MALE. WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND WITH OTHER TV'S. ALL LETTERS WILL RECEIVE AN ANSWER. INTERESTED IN FURTHER

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)



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3. We reserve the right to edit or reject any listing.
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WORD #1

2

3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37
38	39	40		

TRY A LISTING TODAY, HAVE A NEW EXPERIENCE
TOMORROW. THIS IS WHERE THE ACTION IS BABY.



MEETINGS WITH OTHER TV'S IN NEW YORK AREA. BOX EC-69

CALIF. - MALE. STUDENT NEW TO CROSS DRESSING DESIRES MEETING WITH AND EXCHANGING IDEAS WITH UNDERSTANDING DOMINANT MEN AND WOMEN. WILL SERVE. PREFER UTTERLY FEMININE ROLE. SAN DIEGO AREA. DISCRETION ASSURED. INCLUDE PHOTO IF POSSIBLE. BOX EC-89

ILLINOIS - MALE. YOUNG MAN 21, INTERESTED IN TRANVESTISM, PROFESSIONAL FEMALE IMPERSONATION, AND SEX CHANGE. WANTS TO HEAR FROM OTHERS. NO SADISTS OR HOMOSEXUALS. BOX EC-84

MISSOURI - COUPLE. BROADMINDED. MODERN EXPERIENCED SWINGERS. SHE 40, HE 42. DESIRE EARLY MEETINGS WITH OTHER COUPLES OR LADIES FOR WEEKEND PARTIES. ENJOY PHOTOGRAPHY. WE ENJOY ALL CULTURES AND NUDDISM. LETTER AND PHOTO ASSURE QUICK REPLY. WILL ANSWER ALL. BOX EC-82

NEW YORK - MALE. SHE-MALE 21, WHITE. ATTRACTIVE EFFEMINATE WISH TO CORRESPOND WITH OTHER SHE-MALES, TV'S ECT. PLEASE SEND PHOTO IF POSSIBLE BOX EC-83

WASH. - MALE. I AM 34 YEARS OLD. I AM INTERESTED IN CONTACTING OTHER TRANVESTITES AND TO HEAR ABOUT THEIR EXPERIENCES IN WEARING FEMININE UNDER THINGS. WHY THEY START DOING SO. I WOULD LIKE IDEAS ON HOW I CAN MAKE BEING A TRANVESTITE MORE REWARDING. BOX EC-2

WASH. - SEATTLE. COUPLE. ATTRACTIVE COUPLE, SHE 25, HE 35. BOTH AC/DC. ENJOY ALL CULTURES ALSO EXOTIC WEAR. WE

LIKE PHOTOGRAPHY ALSO. WOULD LIKE TO MEET OTHER COUPLES AND SINGLE GALS. NO SINGLE MEN UNLESS TV. PLEASE SEND PHOTO AND PHONE FOR FAST ANSWER. DON'T FAIL TO ANSWER THIS ONE AS THEY ARE REAL SWINGERS. BOX CH-12

PENNA. - MALE. SINGLE - DEVOUT TRANVESTITE IS ANXIOUS TO CORRESPOND WITH OTHERS SO INCLINED. MALE, FEMALE, ANY RACE. ENJOY "WAY-OUT" ACTIVITIES, HAVE NO INHIBITIONS. WILL ANSWER ALL PROMPTLY. BOX EC-31

SO. CALIF. - FEMALE. 27 YEARS - 128 LBS., 5-7 - 38-23-36. I WANT TO MEET WOMEN, MEN AND COUPLES FOR PARTIES. ENJOY PHOTOGRAPHY. WILL CORRESPOND OR MEET SINCERE BROADMINDED PEOPLE. WILL POSE - ENJOY PHOTOS - BOOKS AND FILMS EXOTIC MINDED. LOVE FRENCH CULTURE. AC/DC. EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS FREE. BLONDE, BLUE EYES, PRETTY FACE, GOOD FIGURE. BOX EC-10

CALIF. - MALE. NEOPHYTE TV WANTS TO MEET EXPERIENCED SAME OR AC/DC FEMALE IN SAN JOSE AREA. LIKES LACY PANTIES, LONG STOCKINGS, GARTER BELTS, HIGH HEELS, BRAS, MINI SKIRTS, NEEDS HELP IN FITTING, MAKEUP. WILL BE COOPERATIVE STUDENT. BOX EC-40.

ILLINOIS - FEMALE. ATTRACTIVE MODERN RED HEAD INTERESTED IN CORRESPONDENCE WITH MEN, GIRLS AND COUPLES FOR PARTIES. PHOTO WITH LETTER ASSURES FAST REPLY. AGE 25 - 5-3, 110 LBS. GOOD LOOKING - ENDOWED. BOY FRIEND AVAILABLE FOR PARTIES. BOX-25

DETROIT - WOMAN. 23 INTERESTED IN RUBBER - LEATHER

WEAR, TV'S COSTUMES, HI-HEEL-ED BOOTS, EXOTIC GARMENTS, RESTRAINT. I WORK WITH LEATHER WILL MAKE GOWNS, OTHER OUTFITS FOR TV'S AND WOMEN, ALSO RESTRAINT ITEMS. ANSWER ALL WHO ENCLOSE STAMPED ENVELOPE MEN, AND COUPLES WRITE BOX EC-35 LADIES TOO.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY IS NOT INTERESTED IN RECEIVING LETTERS FROM MEN WHO WISH HER TO DOMINATE THEM. BUT SHE IS VERY INTERESTED IN HEARING FROM TRUE TV'S DOMINANT WOMEN AND COUPLES. IF ANY OF YOU TV'S DESIRE TO HAVE CLOTHING MADE TO YOUR TASTES OR YOU DOMINANT LADIES WISH SPECIAL GARMENTS MADE - THIS LADY IS YOUR ANSWER. I HAVE SEEN SAMPLES OF HER WORK AND THEY ARE MAGNIFICENT. WRITE TO HER TODAY.

MARYLAND - COUPLE. SWINGING COUPLE WOULD LIKE TO CONTACT OTHER SWINGERS - SINGLE MALE OR FEMALE AND COUPLES FOR MEETING AND CORRESPONDENCE. WILL ANSWER ALL LETTERS. BOX EC-33

NEW YORK - FEMALE. "NEW YORK CITY GAL." VERY PETITE AND ATTRACTIVE. QUITE BROADMINDED AND UNINHIBITED. SEEKS EARLY MEETINGS WITH GALS AND COUPLES. VERY AC/DC. I'M QUITE SINCERE. NO PHONIES PLEASE. ALL RACES WELCOME. EVERYONE ANSWERED. BOX EC-24

NEW YORK - MALE, RUBBER DEVOTEE. LATE 30'S, TALL, ATTRACTIVE, FINANCIALLY SECURE. TRAVELS. SEEKS BROADMINDED LADIES FOR EXOTIC FUN. RUBBER GARMENTS GIVEN TO COMPATIBLE GIRLS. BOX EC-18

MAKE THE SCENE, PLACE AN AD.

snorted Bobby derisively. "What about 'em?"

Susan stopped walking. Bobby stopped also, and the two young people stood face to face; dominant-blue eyes staring down passive-brown eyes.

Bobby scuffed his small feet in the sand in embarrassment, wondering what was forthcoming from this provoking, but delicious, girl, Susan. 'Maybe, I shouldn't have made so much fun of those silly, panty-hose,' he ruefully thought. 'But, gee! They do look so damn impractical!'

Susan's beautiful hands grabbed Bobby's slender shoulders, and she earnestly said: "Listen. Romeo! If you want to take me to that dance at our teenage club, here is what you will have to do, for me, before I'll even speak to you again!"

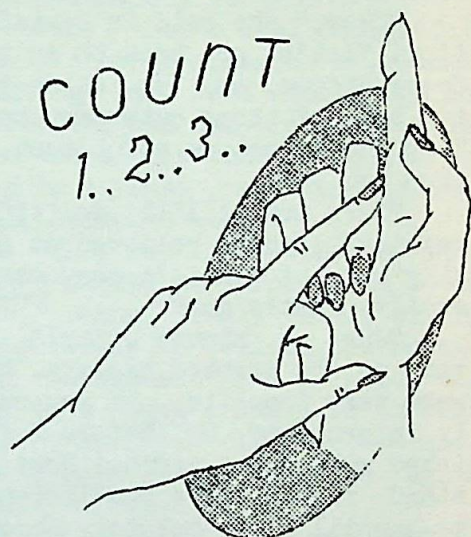
Bobby flinched, and averted his eyes from her penetrating gaze. He had a premonition that he wouldn't like the proposition!

"What do you want me to do?" he muttered. "Name it now, and please let us get it over with!"

"You big lug," she said suddenly. "You made such fun of those cute panty-hose, that I think you should be punished severely, to atone for that awful, and unkind, thoughtlessness! Don't you?"

"Big lug!" he murmured, now trying desperately to stall. "You are almost as big as I am! Why, we could practically wear the same clothes!" He blushed scarlet and crimson, all over — at the thought of that! A long-hidden, too-long-repressed, yearning to

feel the silken, soothing, self-



ness, of dainty feminine apparel, trembled and tingled throughout his slim, youthful, body. 'What is wrong with me? He thought in dismay. 'I never felt this way before! — or have I' — In a sudden flash of self-honesty. Bobby had to admit to himself, Yes, Yes! He had felt that way before! 'I wonder how it would feel' he thought. 'Oh well! I won't do it anyway! — Ever — be damned if I will!' Nobody, not even Susan, could make me do a silly thing like that! 'But, surely, she wouldn't make me do a terrible thing like wearing women's clothing, would she?'

Indeed Susan would, for that was exactly what she was planning, inside that beautiful-blond, head! "Bobby," she sweetly said. "Do you still want to take me to the dance?" She looked pro-

(Continued on page 48)

vocatively into Bobby's adoring-brown eyes.

"Yes! oh , Yes! Susan! More than anything in this world!"

"Okay," she said in satisfaction. "Let's go back to Anita's Dress Shoppe, and you can buy me two pair of those cute pantyhose. They don't cost so awful much, and then you ——"

"Sure Susan! I'll do it!" he rejoiced , much relieved at getting out of Susan's doghouse so easily. "Let's go!"

"Just a minute , Sir!" She said as she grabbed his arm. "You were very impolite, and you rudely interrupted me, before I finished what I was saying! Now! you stand right there and listen to me , until I'm completely through speaking!" "Yes", he said docilely. A seagull swooped down at him , squawking derisively. The waves rolled rythematically toward shore , broke greenly over, and softly swished up the sandy beach.

Susan continued earnestly: "The rest of my sentence was going to be this! You not only have to buy me two pair of panty-hose, but you have to shave that horrid, hair off of your legs — if it wasn't for all that black hair you would have nice looking legs, and then you have to wear the other pair of panty-hose to the dance!" She drew back and appraised his reaction , her blue eyes glinting at the now sensed, thrill of her approaching triumph over this mild-mannered , handsome, young man who was so wildly in love with her.

Bobby flinched, as if stabbed deeply with a hat pin. His now-

Spaniel-brown eyes stared in disbelief at Susan's bold-blue eyes. 'Surely she is kidding me?' Her steady look from under her well-kept eyelashes , told him much more emphatically than words, that she was not kidding! She was never more deadly serious!

He said in desperation: "Aw, please have a heart , Susan! The guys would think that I was some kind of a screw-loose , nut or something worse , if they ever caught me wearing women's hosiery! Wouldn't they?" He anxiously searched Susan's face for reassurance. None was forthcoming.

"Oh, you, great, big, chicken!" Susan said, relenting a little bit. "I'll let you wear your regular socks over the nylons. Then on one will ever know the difference! What about it? Is it a deal?"

"Okay," Bobby said, capitulating to more powerful forces. "All right! If that's what I have to do, in order to take you to the dance, I'll do it!"

"You are a sweet-darling-Bobby! And I love you very much!" Susan said as she threw her arms around his slim shoulders and kissed him with her full, red, loving, lips. Bobby really tingled all over, and the world paused in its rotation, as he savored Susan's self, warm, femininity so closely pressed to him.

Reluctantly, the two young lovers broke the embrace, and headed up the beautiful, shining, beach for the nearby town of bay-side.

"Yes, my good, young, folks," soothed Mr. Leone, the very masculine-appearing proprietor of Anita's Dress Shoppe, as Bobby and Susan stood staring at the entrancing display of women's hose, panties, corsets, and other gossamer-thin feminine, undergarments. "What can I do for you today? Susan, is Bobby going to buy you a very nice birthday present?" And Mr. Leone laughed lightly, for poor Bobby's innocent, youthful face was quite flushed with embarrassment — as flaming-red as the hair on his head.

"Oh, Mr. Leone!" Susan gushed in delight. "This sweet, darling, boy said that he would buy me two

pair of those delectable, pantyhose! Just like those, you have in the show window, over there!" Bobby futilely fidgeted.

"Why, that's real thoughtful, young chap," murmured Mr. Leone, shaking his head in benign approval. "I can see that this young man certainly knows the correct way to a young, and very beautiful, maiden's heart!"

"They say that the way to a man's heart, is through his stomach," Bobby feebly joked, trying desperately to relieve his mounting tensions. "And I guess the way to a woman's heart, is through buying her nice clothing — and, and, such stuff! And he again deeply blushed.

"Oh, you're so sweet, Bobby!" Susan cried in glee, hugging him tightly. — To Bobby's acute dismay for Mr. Leone's sharp-grey, eyes seemed to know more about what was really going on between Susan and him, than Bobby wished him to know!

After ascertaining the proper size, Mr. Leone carefully wrapped the two pair of pantyhose, Bobby hurriedly paid him, and the two young people walked outside into the sparkling sunshine of late summer. Bobby was surely glad, that ordeal was over!

"Bobby!" Susan ordered, as they strolled, hand in hand, along the cement sidewalk, as carefree as only youth can be, toward Susan's home. "Today is Friday, and tomorrow night is the dance at our Teeners' Club; the dance that you get to take me to! lucky, lucky, you! The folks are going up to the mountains tomorrow morning, early,

and you are hereby commanded!, To come over to my house tomorrow morning! And then! You can get those hairy legs of yours shaved off — but good! — And try your cute nylons on." She giggled girlishly.

"Oh, all right, Susan," Bobby muttered abjectly. "I'll be there, but only because I ~~prom~~ised! But I won't like it!"

"You will never know, dear, until you have tried it." Susan said happily, as she waved goodbye to Bobby from her parent's porch.

The ancient earth continued revolving upon its axis, and, one by one the lights in the homes of Bayside, went out, as the weary inhabitants of the small seaside, town settled down to a well-earned night's rest. The ocean pulsed unendingly on into the sandy shore, and the gulls were quite. Some fortunate human slumberers slept the dreamless sleep of the naively-innocent — like Susan. However, some others more unfortunate, were haunted with nightmarish dreams of a few real, and mostly imagined, terrifying events that might transpire on the fateful Saturday that was so swiftly and inexorably approaching.

Bobby Baxter was one of the latter, for various visions danced through his youthful brain as he lay fitfully sleeping. Prominent among these nocturnal hallucinations was one of him, gorgeously attired, in a full and most complete outfit of feminine garments! Sheer, limb-enhancing, nylon hose upon his sleek hairless, legs, a well-designed girdle to

fasten the hose to; fetching-silk panties snugging around his slim hips, then an enticing bra — over all this finery, a gossamer-thin slip of purest color serene, then a breath-taking evening gown. An intriguing, saucy hat, sat upon his lovely long red-curved head, and a pair of high, high spike-heels adorned his feet. Oh! How beautiful he looked, and how wonderful he felt in his dream! For to his subconscious astonishment his nightmare had suddenly transformed itself into a most enjoyable dream! As he paraded in all his ~~female~~ finery before an admiring audience of wolf-whistling males, all the cares of the hard-pressed, ulcer-producing, masculine business world fell from his slim shoulders, and he knew, and frankly relished in the tension-easing feeling of being a woman in a hard, ruthless, masculine world of unbearable competition!

Bobby awoke suddenly. He saw that it was 6 A.M. and the house was quite as a tomb. The memory of his exciting dream remained strongly implanted in his mind. Impelled by a desire beyond his power to reject, he arose and tip-toed down the hall to his sister Martha's room 'She's still over at the Smith's at that girlish shindig,' he thought. And I just have to get a better look at some of these female flimsies! That damn dream.

Feeling like a burglar, he carefully examined the silken and nylon contents of her dresser, and the beautiful coats and shimmer-

(Continued on page 51)

ing dresses hanging in her closet. He felt a mild thrill as he felt and caressed the garments, but no world-shaking tremor went through him. 'I'm okay' he thought with much relief.

Slightly reassured as to his sanity, Bobby return to his bed and lay there staring at the ceiling, thinking that he would go over to Susan's at nine o' clock, shave his legs, try on those ridiculous panty-hose, but he would be damned, if he'd wear them to the dance!

"Good morning, Bobby," Susan said sweetly, as she opened the front door of the Sawyer home. Blue eyes twinkling, her luscious lips were curved in a smiling anticipation of the fun to come. "Come on in, as the spider said to the fly! Ha! Ha! The folks have already left for the mountains, and Tim and Becky have gone down to the beach for the day. So, we have the house all to ourself! Isn't that just ducky? Just think of the fun you're going to have, trying on all those yummy, women's clothes, Bobby! Everyone should wear hose, dresses, and high heeled shoes! Then, there wouldn't be so much damn trouble and fighting and such nonsense in this poor, old world! Men are often such beasts!" And she shuddered delicately.

"That's a silly idea of yours, Susan. Bobby snorted as he entered the house! What do you want me to do now?" And he stood helplessly in the large living room waiting for her next move, watching this lovely creature, who was so full of delightful-feminine

wiles, with his adoring-brown eyes.

"Okay, buster," she laughed. "You asked for it! Here's the electric razor that I use to shave my legs. Now, go into the bathroom and shave all of that disgusting — ugh — black hair off your legs. Then, after passing my close inspection, I shall tell you the next step to take!"

"Aw, Susan!" he protested. "Do I have to? What's the sense in it? It's so damn silly!"

Susan stiffened her lovely frame and her blue eyes sparkled. "Bobby Baxter! You promised yesterday! If you back out of your promise, now Mr. Baxter, I swear, that I'll never speak to you again as long as I live! — So there!" And she seemed very close to tears.

"Oh! All right!" he said, shaking his red head from side to side in male-frustration. "If it means that much to you, I'll go and do it!"

In the bathroom he removed his trousers, plugged in the razor, and commenced shaving his legs. "Ouch! Ouch!" he shouted in pain as the razor pulled at his long-leg-hair. "This blasted thing is pulling my hair out by the roots!"

"Take it slower, silly!" Susan ordered from the hall. "If you'd shave your legs more often, and not let that darn hair grow so long, wild and wooly you wouldn't have so much trouble!"

"Aw, nuts!" Bobby grumbled, as he resumed his painful task. At last, he figured the job was done.

(Continued on Page 52)

"All right , smarty!" he called. I'm done — I guess. You wanna inspect 'em I got my shorts on yet, so I guess it's Okay."

"Ugh!" Susan shuddered as she ran a self hand over Bobby bristly limbs. "you didn't shave close enough! Those horrid bristles of yours , will snag those lovely-sheer nylons , and tear great big runners in them! Shave your legs again, Bobby! I'll stay here, this time and supervise the job!"

"What a guy puts up with to humor a woman!" he muttered disgustedly , but he shaved his legs again.

Finally satisfied with the limb shaving, Susan ordered: "All right! I'll go outside in the hall. You take off your shorts and throw them out the door. Then, get the pair of panty-hose that are in the top drawer of the vanity, and put them on. I want you to get used to wearing them before the dance tonight.

Susan hurriedly left , and he could hear her scampering down the hall , but he was so preoccupied with trying to find the panty-hose in the top drawer of the vanity , that he didn't think much about her sudden haste. After much fumbling around in a flock of panties, girdles, bras, slips and the like, he yelled out in frustration: "Susan! I can't find that damn panty-hose in here! All that I can see is a few girdles and other frilly stuff!"

"Oh! That's right ," Susan panted by the bathroom door. "I remember now! Mother wore them to the mountains this morning. Well, put on a girdle. What's the dif-

ference anyway? Then , put on a pair of nylon stocking and fasten them to the girdle. Surely you can do That? It's really quite simple! I do it every day!"

"Yeah, sure," he grunted, tugging at the unwieldly girdle. "I've watched Sis put on her socks a few times. I can manage."

As he was fumbling with the fasteners , trying to attach the nylons to the exasperating girdle, Susan whispered through the bathroom door: "Do you have them on yet?"

"I finally got that blasted girdle on," he grunted. "But I'm having a little trouble fastening up these socks."

The door suddenly swung open, and a flash of brilliant-white light, made him jump with fright. To his horror, he saw Susan standing there in smug triumph, a Polaroid Camera clutched in her victorious hands. She had taken a picture of him in a girdle, as he was desperately trying to fasten a pair of nylons to the pesky thing!

"Gimmie that camera!" he angrily said, as he vainly snatched at the offending instrument.

"Oh, no you don't Susan chortled , as she skipped out of the door , waving the camera aloft victoriously. "You had better do everything That I want you to do now , Bobby Baxter! Or, I'll show this picture to your boy friends! How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't" he growled, and tried to run down the hall to catch her , wrest the camera from her hands, and destroy the offending picture. He tripped, on dang-

ling nylons , and sprawled to the rug , with a house-shaking thud. Another flash of light. Another picture! Susan's merry laugh.

"Here! Here! You kiddies out there in the hall!" A husky-feminine voice was heard from Tim Sawyer's bedroom. "What is going on out there, anyhoo? Guess, I'll have to come out there and restore order!" And the bedroom door opened and revealed a stunning, tall , built-in-the-right-places, young and smiling girl. Grey eyes glistened with life's joy, from under an enticing mass of raven-black hair.

"Now , what seems to be the trouble out here?" The young woman asked mildly. "Why, Bobby Baxter!" she exclaimed. "What-ever are you doing with a girdle on? And your nylons are a mess!" And she collapsed against the door jamb in helpless laughter.

Flushing shamefully-scarlet all over , Bobby shot an accusing glance at the nearby, gleefully-chortling, Susan and said: "Gosh! Mam! I didn't know that Susan had company! She told me that we were all alone in the house! I was just humoring Susan , is all! She wanted me to try on this silly girdle and some nylons, or she wouldn't let me take her to the Teener's dance tonight! I don't know why she insisted on that, but I'm crazy about Susan -- so I did it." he finished, lamely.

"Oh , Susan thinks everybody should dress as women," the beautiful brunette said, casting an affectionate glance at Susan, who was now standing closeby, blue eyes dancing with an amusing, and

as yet, sternly repressed secret.

"But , why?" Bobby asked in perplexity, tugging vainly at his girdle , and attempting to fasten the nylons thereto.

"Here , let me help you," the black-haired-beauty said, and she swiftly knelt , and skillfully hooked , the sheerly-sheening-stockings to the pink girdle. "There", she said. Rising in satisfaction. "That's better! Oh, precious Bobby! Susan has the strange idea, maybe not so strange at that - that if all men would dress up once in awhile in female duds , that it would have a softening , feminizing , civilizing , effect upon them, and the world would be a much more peaceful and loving place in which to live -- she could be right, you know!"

"Maybe," Bobby said doubtfully. "But who are you? I've never seen you before? -- Have I?"

"Oh! Bobby!" Susan giggled. "Don't you know who this lovely young girl is? Why, that's Timmie! Timmie The Tart!"

"Timmie!" Bobby exclaimed, an astounding thought striking him. -- It couldn't be! Could it? Yes! It was! It was Tim Sawyer! Susan's nineteen year old brother, a sophomore at the State University! What was he doing dressed up like this? What was going on in this crazy house anyway? "You're Tim!" he blurted. "But why are you dressed like that? Is there some kind of a female masquerade party going on? -- Or something like that, that I don't know about, Huh?"

"No , Bobby," gently answered Tim. "I dress like this, at times,

because I like to! It makes me feel good, and it relaxes me more than words can describe. Susan has known for a long time, that I'm a not-so-secret transvestite, or cross-dresser! Oh, don't look so shocked! There is really nothing wrong with being one., for we are not homosexuals or anything like that! You would be damn surprised, if you knew how many men do this!

Look at how women dress up like men! All the time! And he frowned at Susan, who was attired in dungaree pants, dungaree shirt, and a pair of saddle oxfords. If she can do it, why can't I?

"Tim, tell Bobby some of your wonderful ideas," urged Susan. "They really make such good sense, everyone should hear them!"

"All right," Tim agreed. "Here goes! We, Transvestites, who are more advanced in the pleasant art, have arrived at a harmless escape method for the terrible snare in which the present-day American Man is now entrapped! All human beings have both a male and female side to their natures. And the female side, in the male, escapes in many forms: Alcoholism, homosexuality, trans-sexuality, many distressing psychosomatic complaints, nerve-wracking neuroses, and some real deep-seated psychoses! Now, the wearing of womanly apparel is the most sensible, and by far the most harmless outlet for this overpowering urge for feminine escapement, is it not?"

"It certainly seems that way," Bobby agreed enthusiastically. "But, don't you always feel terribly guilty about it, Tim?"

"I used to, but no more, as I grow older, I realize that not only is society becoming some what more tolerant toward transvestism, and, as it is a perfectly natural human instinct, why feel guilt and fear about doing what comes naturally? Just good, old, sex? Humans are born that way! Always have been! Always will be!"

"You're so right!" Brother mine!" cried Susan, hugging Tim with adoration. "You're such a darling man! We will have to find you a girl friend, as broadminded as I am!"

"Wish you could, dear Sister," Tim said.

"Oh, we'll get you fixed up!" Susan said confidently. "I have a couple of dolls in mind, for you, already!"

"I've got my doll!" Bobby said, hugging Susan's wonderful-vibrant-young body and kissing her responding-red lips passionately.

"OH, BOBBIE!" Exclaimed Susan, her happiness bursting over. "Just think! After we are married, do you realize how much money we can save on clothes? Why I can wear your pants, shirts, shoes, suits, and things, and you can wear my nice nylons, girdles, slips, panties, dresses, gowns and hats and — everything! Even my high heeled pumps! Golly! How wonderful! I'm sure lucky to have such an understanding boy friend! There aren't many running around loose like you, Bobby Baxter! No indeed! — My High Heeled Hero!"

"Maybe there are more than
(Continued on page 55)

(Continued from page 54)
you think, Susan," protested Bob-
by. "Let's go try on a pair of
your high heeled shoes! I have a
certain feeling, That I'll just
love being your lifetime, HERO IN
HIGH HEELS!"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.

Finally I agreed, and the results
were quite a surprise to me as
well as to my friends.

I, nor anyone else ever
guessed I would look as good as I
did. The compliments and Oohs and
Ahs made me feel pretty good. How-
ever, I had one drawback and still
do. I couldn't act feminine, so
this proved quite amusing. Basic-
ally, I am not a feminine person,
so it is hard to switch my per-
sonality to go along with my im-
personation. However, the last
time I went in 'Dress', I was a
little better. But I don't have
the opportunity to do it that
much, so it's hard for me to feel
completely assured when I do.

The most weird experience I
had in this line was with a woman
I met who was about 40 years old
and the mother of eight (8)
children. I told her I enjoyed
dressing this way for kicks. So
during this party I was having,
she asked me to put my dress and
wig on. I did not have any make
up to use so I looked pretty
sloppy as my end result. Anyway,
this didn't keep me from getting
extremely shook up. She grabbed
me and kissed me and ran her hand
up and down my thighs Oohing all
the while. She also kept saying,

"Baby, you're just too much!" I
don't know what shook her up so
much because I never questioned
her about it.

I also have this female
friend who is actually jealous of
me when I get in 'dress' because
she says I look better than her
and here I am a man. Still she
enjoys seeing me get in 'dress'
we have a ball when I do.

See page 6 for full page
photo.

Yours Truly
(name withheld)

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Dear Editor:

I will give you a short bi-
ography of my life living, as a
hidden transvestite. To begin
with my first fixation, it began
at the early age of ten years,
this occurred while sharing a bed-
room with my cousin, a girl twenty
years of age. Most every night
I would watch her change from her
pink silk panties and bra and
slip into her night gown. I began
to get the urge to try on and
wear her panties, her slip and
bra, at first I dismissed the
thought thinking it very silly.
But as time went on - watching
her every night, going through
this same ritual, the compulsion
became overwhelming. I just had
to try them on -- so I decided at
first opportunity, I would do so.
This opportunity did come one day
when no one was home.

I dashed upstairs, and into
(Continued on page 56)

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the bedroom I was sharing with my cousin and locked the door. I went over to her bureau drawer took out her panties , slip and bra and tried them on. The feel of these silk garments against my body sent my pulse racing.

I really did enjoy the self and wonderful feeling of these silk panties, slip and bra against my body.

This was my first experience as a hidden transvestite. As time went on , and I grew older, the compulsion to wear and dress in feminine clothes grew very strong and when ever the opportunity did present itself I dressed.

I have at times tried to stop this practice, but it is useless. The compulsion to wear female clothing is so deeply ingrained in my Psyche, that after (30) years of dressing in feminine clothing it is now to late to change even if I could, which I can't.

Now I want to meet and associate with people that understand this practice. I also want to mention that I am married, have one child, and that my wife knows of my transvestite desires, but doesn't quite understand it. However , I don't flaunt it before her and manage to keep it hidden, from my son. Your magazine has helped me very much. Keep up the good work.

Yours Truly
(name withheld)

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Dear Editor:

I have always had a desire

to don feminine things ever since I could remember. I used to enjoy sneaking into my older sister's room when she wasn't home and trying on her underwear and shoes. I used to get a kick out of parading around her room in bra and panties , garter belt , hose and heels.

One day I didn't expect her home early and she walked in on me while I was still dressed in her underwear. I thought she would laugh or get mad, but she just stopped and stared at me. She then told me she never realized that I had such cute legs and proceeded to make a few corrections of her own so that I would look all right.

She then suggested that I try on her sheath - she helped me on with it and wow! What a transformation. She then showed me how to put make-up on and really did a professional job. Then came the final touch. She has this beautiful blonde wig that I have always admired. She placed it on my head and even she had to exclaim that I was the cutest girl she had seen.

She then suggested that I take a drive with her dressed up to get the feeling of being outdoors. After much persuasion I agreed. Luckily the house was empty and it was dark so as we clicked down the drive way no one would notice two females coming out of my house. We went for a long drive.

I enjoy being dressed by girls and going out with them. They make me feel like one of

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→(Continued from page 56)
them and so far I have had few embarrassing incidents.

I hope you can use my experience.

Yours Truly
W. O'C. N.Y.

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Dear Editor:

Inclosed is a photo of myself in a form fitting rubber suit - I have many articles of clothing made from Latex and rubber, I enjoy wearing them very much.

I would like to see some articles on rubber clothing in your magazine in the near future.

Your personal column and the Empathy Club have enabled me to achieve many fine budding friendships. Keep up the good work.

Yours Truly
B.G., Seattle.

(See page 5 for photo, # "D". If you would like to write to this person and receive some very interesting correspondence address your letter to Box NT #2, c/o of this magazine.

EDITOR'S NOTE: New Trenns Magazine welcomes your letters no matter how long or short. Send some photos of yourself too, if available, we'll print them. If you desire it, we will print a box number after your letter so that you may receive interesting correspondence from the readers of New Trenns Magazine. Write today.
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→(Continued from page 8)
Acquire this knowledge. Comment tactfully on the girlfriend's clothes. Notice every detail. Praise liberally when garments, jewels and makeup are appropriate. Make a point of going with her when she shops for clothes. Let your gifts to her always consist of clothes, jewelry or cosmetics.

Sooner or later these tactics will draw from her the comment, "My, but you have wonderful taste in clothes!"

You see, all this is preparing the way for her acceptance of the idea that a man can be as fond of pretty clothes, and as knowledgeable about them, as any woman.

Lead her into lengthy conversations about fashions. Take the opportunity to mention that you envy women their clothes that are so much more beautiful and comfortable than men's attire. This will probably lead to some such reply as "You'd look real cute in a dress," "You'd never be able to stand up in a pair of heels" or some such half-joking challenge.

Take up the challenge. Offer a small bet that you could indeed do so. She can scarcely back down now, so you have made your opportunity to get her used to the idea that is on your mind.

Here's a different approach. It often happens during courtship that the man and woman get to exchanging secrets. She "confesses" something to you and asks for some kind of "confession" in re-

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turn. This, naturally, is a favorable opportunity for you. Having just unburdened her own mind, and being grateful for the generous way in which you have accepted her confession, she is in a receptive mood to hear what you have to say.

To one type of woman, unfortunately, it is undesirable to mention the subject at all: that is the chatterbox. I saw a letter from one such woman in a newspaper advice-column. The wife wrote that her husband always wore a filmy nightgown in bed. She could not understand this habit, and had discussed it with all her friends and neighbors to see what they thought about it. Only when all of them had hashed the matter over did she write to the columnist! Until society as a whole becomes more tolerant, discretion on these matters is advisable. So beware of the chatterbox.

The husband who has been married for some time, but who has not broached the subject during courtship, can use other tactics. It is a great advantage if he is roughly the same build as his wife. In the reminiscences of a female film-star, I read that one of her several husbands surprised her by simply walking into the room attired in some of her clothes. She laughed at first, then apparently accepted the situation.

If, on account of your physique, that is impractical, arrange to attend a masquerade party, and declare your intention of dressing as a woman. After the party

say something like, "I sure enjoyed wearing this outfit. I feel I don't want to take it off." Thus you lead on to the idea of wearing the outfit again and again.

Then there is a certain type of woman who herself has a desire to see her man dressed as a woman. She will not usually mention it in words, but infallibly give clues of this desire from time to time by her actions. Guy de Maupassant describes one such woman in *THE FALSE GEMS*: She would often playfully put her necklaces around her husband's neck, and express great delight at his appearance. A woman of this type will often clap one of her hats on the husband's head, apply her lipstick to his mouth, and so on.

Such women are much more common than is generally supposed. Watch for the clues by which they reveal themselves. Encourage them in their desire, and you can achieve great mutual satisfaction.

These observations will, I hope, help some readers to develop and maintain more harmonious, more satisfying man-woman relationships. If you have any personal experiences along these lines, please drop a line about them to Max, Care of this magazine.



This magazine explores the esthetics and fetishism of fashion